

Western World : Act iii

captain with his heathen slave. Go on now and I'll see you from this day stewing my oatmeal and washing my spuds, for I'm master of all fights from now. (*Pushing Mahon.*) Go on, I'm saying.

MAHON.

Is it me ?

CHRISTY.

Not a word out of you. Go on from this.

MAHON, *walking out and looking back at Christy over his shoulder.*

Glory be to God ! (*With a broad smile.*) I am crazy again. (*Goes.*)

CHRISTY.

Ten thousand blessings upon all that's here, for you've turned me a a likely gaffer in the en' of all, the way I'll go romancing through a romping lifetime from this hour to the dawning of the judgment day.

He goes out.

MICHAEL.

By the will of God, we'll have peace now for our drinks. Will you draw the porter, Pegeen ?